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Never Say Fail.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who early march onward,
And say never fail.

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb;
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail.

Ahead, then—keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
All asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom,
Who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquor,
And never say fail.

"Can't Afford it."—A Sketch for Every Day Life.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Can't afford it, Maria."

"But you might if you would only think so, Walter," pleaded the young wife.

"I can't do it," the husband returned, very emphatically. "It would cost two or three dollars, at the very lowest, to put up such a gate and, the old bars will answer every purpose."

"No they won't Walter. The neighbor's children very often leave the bars down, and then the stray cattle come into the garden. We may lose more than the price of a gate in one hour, if a cow should happen to get in when I am away."

"I should like to know who leaves the bars down," said Walter, very threateningly. "The same children might leave a gate open."

"But we can have a gate made to close of its own accord, with a weight or a spring seggested his wife. "John Niles has had a gate put up in his yard."

"But I ain't John Niles, my dear" Walter wished his wife to remember. "But his family is as large as yours, and his wages are not so high."

"Never mind about that. I tell you I cannot afford it,—at any rate, not at present." And with this Walter started off for his work.

Walter Gray was a young man about thirty; an industrious mechanic; had been married some eight years; and had an interesting family. He meant to provide well for those who depended upon him, and in a measure he did so. But there were many little comforts of which he felt obliged to deprive them—comforts which at times they really needed, and which, in the end, might have proved a source of saving. And more, too. It might have added to his own happiness had he felt able to grant these little requests. But he could not afford it:—at least, so he thought; and whether he thought so with sound judgment the sequel will show.

The gate which his wife had been so anxious to have put up was needed at the entrance to the garden back of the house, where there was only a pair of short bars. The children often came through there, and sometimes left the way open behind them. In short, there were many ways in which those bars were apt to be left down, and Maria Gray had very often to leave her work to drive out the cattle that got in. It was only by extreme watchfulness on her part that the garden was preserved. She had spoken several times to her husband about it, but he felt that he couldn't afford it. She must keep her eyes upon the spot, and see that the bars were kept shut.

Only a few days after this Mrs. Gray asked her husband if he was going to hire a pew in the church for the following year and he told her that he did not think he should.

"But you can hire half of one. We can have half of Mr. Nile's pew for five dollars.

"I can't afford it," was Walter's reply,—I should get no great good from the meetings, any way.

"Don't say so, husband. Suppose every one should feel like that. You certainly wouldn't wish to live, and bring up your children, where there was no religious influence. And if you reap the benefits of good christian institutions, you certainly ought to feel willing to help support them.

"So I would be willing, if I could afford it. but I can't."

Mrs. Gray looked very serious, and seemed to hesitate, as though there was a subject upon her mind, which she felt delicate about broaching; but it had occupied her thoughts too long and she was determined to let it out.

"Walter," she said, a little tremulously, but still resolutely, "you have ten dollars a week."

"Yes."

"And how much of that does it take to feed us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us and pay up the interest on the house."

"I haven't had a new dress since last Fall: and I was reckoning up yesterday how much we had spent for the children, and I found it to be only fifteen dollars for the last ten months. I have worked over some of cousin John's cloths for Charles, and Lucinda jumps into Mary's dresses as the latter outgrows them."

"That's all very well," replied Walter, a little testily. "I understand my own business, and I know just what I can afford, and what I can not. While I have the payments to make on my own house I must economize—*I must economize*," he repeated very decidedly.

"And I would have you economize," returned the wife; "but do not forget that all is not economy which many call so. I think that to hire half of John Nile's pew would be a great source of economy in comfort and lasting good. It would be five dollars laid out to good advantage—sure to return a heavy interest to us and our children. And I think it might be a source of great saving to put a good gate up at the——"

"Stop!" interrupted Walter, with a nervous motion. "I know my means."

"Let me say one word," urged Maria. There was an earnestness in her tone which caused her husband to stop and listen. "If you will give me five dollars a week I will do this for one year. That will leave you three hundred and sixty dollars with which to clothe yourself and make your payment on the house. On the house you have only to pay a hundred dollars, with interest for two years, which will leave you a hundred and forty-eight dollars for your clothes and—other expenses."

Walter was upon the point of denying this result of the case, but he saw upon a moment's reflection, that from his wife's statement, the deduction was correct, so he denied the statement.

"You cannot furnish the food and clothe yourself and children, for the sum you have named," he said.

Thereupon Maria sat down and made known a few facts to him, that had been hidden within the mysteries of her own housekeeping. She was not long in proving to him that during the past year, the items of expenditure within said limits had not averaged five dollars per week. Walter said "Pooh!" and then added "Nonsense!" and left the house.

"There must be some mistake," he said to himself, after he had got away from the house, and he really believed there was a mistake.

"Have a glass of soda, Bill? Come Tom, have a glass?"

"Don't care if I do," said Tom and Bill.

"Have some, Ned?"

And Ned said yes. So the clerk prepared four glasses of soda, for which Walter Gray paid 25 cents.

"Let's have a game of 'seven up' for the oysters," said Bill, after the day's work was done.

The game was played and Walter lost, so he paid a dollar for four oyster suppers—suppers which none of them needed, and which did them more hurt than good.

"Have a cigar, Walter?" asked Tom. Walter said yes; and in return he paid for four glasses of ale.

One evening they met after work, and Ned proposed that they should "toss up" to see who should pay for the chowder.

"Come John, won't you come in?" he said, addressing John Niles who stood by.

"No, guess not," was John's reply.

"You'd better; it's only for the chowder for five, if you come in.

"I can't."

"It's of no use to ask him," spoke Walter in a rather sarcastic tone. 'He does not spend his money in that way."

John's face flushed and his lips trembled; but he retained the bitter words which were struggling upon his tongue, and turned and left the shop.

"He's a mean fellow," cried Tom, loud enough for Niles to hear.

"Tight as the bark of a tree," added Walter, in a tone equally loud.

John Niles heard the remarks but he did not come back.

The four remaining men "tossed up," and the lot fell upon Walter and To ẽ Then they tossed it off, and it fell upon Walter, who paid four shillings for the chowder.

Walter started for home about nine o'clock, and on the way he was overtaken by Niles.

"Walter," said the latter, in a kind but earnest tone, "I want to speak with you. You have wronged me this evening, and I wish you to understand me. For the opinions of Bill Smith and Ned Francis, I care not, but I do not wish you to misapprehend me. We live too near together and I would not lose your good opinion."

"Well, go ahead," returned Walter, who was sensible of the fact, that his companion was one of the best and kindest neighbors in the world.

"You said I was mean."

"No, no; 'twas not I who said that."

"Well, you said I was tight as the bark of a tree."

Walter could not deny this, and John proceeded.

"I refused to join you in your little game for three reasons, either one of which should have been sufficient to deter me. First: I have resolved not to engage in any such games of hazard. Second: I did not want any chowder. And third: I could not have afforded to pay for five extra suppers, if the lot had fallen upon me."

"Could not have afforded it?" repeated Walter, with a slight tinge of unbelief in his tone.

"No," returned the other. I could not. I used to be on hand always for such games, and I thought it would be mean to refuse but I have learned better. Let me tell you how I first came to see the folly of being afraid to spend my money for nothing. Shall I tell you.

"Certainly," returned Walter, who already began to see something.

"Well" pursued Niles, "one noon as I was going away from home, my wife asked me for a dollar. She wanted it to buy some cloth with. I asked her if she could not get along without it. I had only three dollars with me, and I hated to let one of them go. She said she really needed the cloth, but if I hadn't got the money to spare, she could wait. I knew she was disappointed, but I thought she could get along, and I went away. That evening I went into the saloon, and we had a fine social time. It cost me one dollar-and-a-half. I paid the money willingly—without even an objection—and then I went home. When I entered the hall I heard my wife trying to pacify our oldest child. The little thing had expected a new dress which had been promised her, and she felt very bad because she had not got it.

"Wait," urged my wife, as the child sobbed in her disappointment, "Papa hasn't got the money now; but he'll have some by and by, and then you shall have a pretty dress. Poor papa has to work hard."

"The words smote me to the heart. I could not afford a dollar to dress my little child, but I could afford any amount for the useless entertainment of others. The dollar which my needy wife could not get when she asked for it, I paid away almost twice-told for nothing. But it learned me a lesson. On the very next morning I offered my wife the dollar, but I could not afford any more for the beer man. I had not dreamed how much I was wasting, but when I stopped up that leak, and allowed my funds to flow in their proper channel, I soon found that I could afford every reasonable comfort, my wife and children needed. So I stick to the principle which has proved so beneficial to myself and family. Ah—what's that? There's an animal in your garden, Walter."

They had reached the garden fence, and by the dim starlight, Walter could see a horned beast trampling amongst his sweet corn. The bars had either been left down, or hooked down, and a stray cow had got in. They drove her out, and then Niles went home. Walter saw that the beast had done considerable damage, but he was not angry, for he had something of more importance to think of. He went and sat down beneath an apple tree and meditated.

"Bless me if he hasn't put the case down about square!" he said to himself, at the end of some moment's of meditation. "Let me see—There's sixty-seven cents for chowder, fifty cents for ale, and fifty for soda. And that's within the last three days. A dollar and sixty-seven cents. Is it possible! Over a hundred dollars a year—yet can't afford two dollars for a gate, nor five dollars that my family can have religious instruction for one year! Walter Gray—I think you had better begin and turn over a new leaf."

And Walter Gray did turn over a new leaf. On the very next day he did two things, thereby astonishing two parties. He had a new gate made for the entrance to the garden, and thereby astonished his wife; and he refused to "toss up" for the ale, thereby astonishing a crowd of expectant thirsty ones. For a month he pursued this course, and by the expiration of that time he could fully appreciate the new blessings that were dawning upon him. He discovered that he could afford everything which the comfort of his family demanded; and in arriving at this result he had cut loose those things which he really could not afford. It was a wonder to him how he could have been so foolish. When at the end of the year, he had paid his note, and had ninety-two dollars left, he felt at first, as though there must be some mistake; but when his wife went over their household expenditures with him, and showed him that all they needed had been bought and paid for, he saw just how it was. He saw that for years he had been wasting his substance, and depriving his loved ones of the comforts they needed—not intentionally, but through the strange mistake that leads thousands in the same course. But he did so no more.

Illustrations of Popular Sovereignty.

1. An apportionment law by which, in electing a Legislature, 750 votes in Democratic portions of the State, are equivalent to 1,000 votes in Republican sections.

2. A Democratic majority, in the Legislature elected by a majority of all the votes cast, claiming to represent the popular sentiment.

4. A Senator on trial before his constituents. Is repudiated by a majority of nearly 10,000 of the popular vote; claims to have been sustained because his friends secure the Legislature by means of the aforesaid apportionment law. Goes back to the Senate assuming to be the man of the people.

5. Douglas vs. Lincoln—on trial before a jury of the whole people. Majority for Lincoln over Douglas, about 4,000. Douglas said to be endorsed—Lincoln repudiated.—*Chicago Press and Tribune.*

☞ Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a celebration:

"*The Ladies*—sweet briars in the garden of life."

The Last Indian Battle in Washington Territory.

The following is the official despatch of Col. Wright in regard to the battle of September 5th:

Headquarters, Camp on Spokan River, W. T., September 6th, 1858.

To Major W. Mackall, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army.

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle of the Spokan Indians, fought by the troops under my command, on the 5th instant. Our enemies were the Spokans, the Cœur de Alenes, Pelouses and Pend d'Oreilles, numbering from five to seven hundred warriors. Leaving my Camp at the "Four Lakes," at 6½ A. M., on the 5th, our route lay along the margin of a lake for about three miles, and thence for two miles over a broken country thinly scattered with pines, when emerging on to the open prairie, the hostile Indians were discovered about three miles to our right and in advance, moving rapidly along the skirt of the woods, and apparently with the view of intercepting our line of march before we should reach the timbers. After halting and closing up our long pack train, I moved forward, and soon found that the Indians were setting fire to the grass at various points in front and on my right flank. Capt. Keys was now directed to advance three of his companies, deployed as skirmishers, to the front and right. This order was promptly obeyed, and Capt. Ord with Company R, Lieut. Gibson with Company M, and Lieut. Tyler with Company A, Third Artillery, were thrown forward. At the same time, Capt. Hurdie, Company G, Third Artillery, was deployed to the left, and the howitzer under Lieut. White, supported by Company E, Ninth Infantry, were advanced to the line of skirmishers. The firing now became brisk on both sides, the Indians attacking us in front and on both flanks. The fires on the prarie nearly enveloped us, and were rapidly approaching our troops and the pack train. The skirmishers, the howitzers, and the first squadron of Dragoons under Major Grier, dashed gallantly through the roaring flames, and the Indians were driven to seek shelter in the forest and rocks. As soon as a suitable position could be obtained, the howitzers under White opened fire with shell. The Indians were again roused from their cover, closely pursued by our skirmishers, and followed by Grier with his squadron leading.

At this time our pack train was concentrated as much as possible, and guarded by Capt. Deut, 9th infantry, with his Company B, Lieut. Davison, 1st Dragoons, with his Company E, and Ibrie, 3d Artillery, with his Company B, advancing. The trail bore off to the right, which threw Orde and Tyler with their skirmishers to the left. A heavy body of Indians had concentrated on our left, when our whole line moved quickly for ward and the firing became general throughout the front, occupied by Ord, Hardie and Tyler, and the howitzer under White, supported by Winder with Griog's troop of Dragoons following in rear, waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a dash. At the same time, Gibson, with Company M, 3d Artillery, drove the Indians on the right front; an open plain here intervening, Major Grier passed the skirmishers with his own and Lieut. Pender's troop and charged the Indians, killing two and wounding three. Our whole line and train advanced steadily, driving the Indians over rocks and through ravines. Our point of direction having been changed to the right, Capt. Ord found himself alone with his company, on the extreme left of the skirmishers, and opposed by a large body of the enemy. They were gallantly charged by Capt. Ord and driven successfully from the high table rocks where they had taken refuge. Capt. Ord pursued the Indians, until approaching the train he occupied the left flank.

Moving forward toward the Spokan River, the Indians still in front, Lieuts. Ibre and Howard, with Company B, 3d Artillery, were thrown out on the right flank, and instantly cleared the way, and after a continuous fight for seven hours, over a distance of 14 miles, we encamped on the banks of the Spokan River—the troops exhausted by a long and fatiguing march, twenty-five miles without water, and for two-thirds of the distance under fire. The battle was won, two chiefs and two brothers of the chief Geary killed, besides many of lesser note either killed or wounded. [Since the battle we learn that Kamiakin, war chief of the Yakimas, was nearly killed by a shell.] A kind Providence has again protected us, although at many times the battle flew thick and fast through our ranks, yet strange to say we had but one man slightly wounded.

Again it affords me the highest pleasure to bear witness to the zeal, energy, gallantry and perseverance displayed by the officers and men during this protracted battle.

Brevet Major, W. N. Grier, commanding a squad of 1st Dragoons, composed of his own company and that of Lieut. Pender, made a gallant charge at the right moment, killing two and wounding three of the enemy. The Major speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry of Lieut. Pender, commanding Company C.

Lieut. Davidson, with Company E, was rear guard to the general train, and that duty was well performed. Lieut. Grigg, with Company H, was posted in the rear of the howitzer, with a view of making a dash at the enemy, but the ground was so broken that dragoons could not operate effectively.

Capt. E. D. Keyes, 3d Artillery, commanding battalion pursuing, was energetic and gallant throughout. Although the troops extended over a mile, yet the Captain was always in the right place at the right time.

The howitzer battery, under Lieut. White, with a detachment of 20 men, Company D, 3d Artillery, behaved most gallantly throughout the action. Eight shells were thrown into the midst of the enemy during the fight, and with effect.

The friendly Nez Perces were employed chiefly as spies and guides, as well as guards to pack train. As usual, they behaved well.

Col. Wright also takes occasion to compliment the coolness and intrepidity of the following officers and companies B, and E, with infantry, and rifle battalion, under Capt. Dent; Lieut. Kip, Adjutant of artillery battalion; Capts. Keyes and Winder, Lieut. Fleming, First Lieut. P. A. Owen, Adj. Ninth Infantry, &c.; First Lieut. J. Mullen, Acting Engineer, &c.; Capt. R. Kirkham, A. Q. M.; Assistant Surgeon J. F. Hammond; Assistant Surgeon J. F. Randolph; Company K, Capt. E. O. C. Ord and Lieut. M. R. Morgan; Company G, Capt. J. A. Hardie and Lieut. Ransom; Company M, Lieuts. Gibson and Dandy; Company A, Lieuts. Tyler and Lyon.]

A memoir and topographical sketch of the battle by Lieut. Mullan, Engineer officer, is herewith inclosed.

Respectfully, &c.,
G. Wright,
Col. 9th Infantry, Com'g.

Conclusion of a Treaty of Peace.

On the 17th September, Gen. Clarke concluded a formal treaty with the Cœur d'Alene tribe, granting them peace. The conditions granted them were: That they should give up the young men who commenced the attack on Col. Steptoe; that they should give up a chief and four others, with their families, to go to Walla-Walla, and remain there a year, (unless sooner dismissed,) as hostage for good behaviour of their tribe; that they should give up all public property or other property taken in Col. Steptoe's fight; and that all white men should pass through their territory hereafter unmolested. The first three conditions had been complied with. The hostage and others are now with the United States troops.

On the 23d September treaties upon the same terms were concluded with the Nez Perces, the Spokans, Pen d'Oreilles, the Colvilles, the Isles de Pierres, and other tribes. The Suakes had also sued for peace. On the 24th September, a noted chief named Qualchin, was seized and hanged in the camp. The command, at latest dates, was in camp, 12 miles from Steptoe's battle ground, but is supposed by now to have reached the Dalles. The troops belonging to garrisons in Washington and Oregon Territories have been ordered to their respective stations. The Artillery battalion is on the march from Walla-Walla to Fort Vancouver. General Clarke is now in San Francisco, and the war is definitely closed. Gen. Harney, who arrived at San Francisco on the *Stevens*, on the 10th October, will, therefore, have little to do, the Indians having already been vanquished.

Amusement of the Studious.—Every class of men have some characteristic amusement to which they are attached. What is relaxation to one is probably labor to another. A man who has been confined to an office chair all day, when he wishes to divert himself, takes a walk, a mode of enjoyment quite alien to the notions of an unfortunate penny postman. Amusement consists principally in the excitement which the mind experiences from a change of ideas, and it is on this account that we so frequently find men talking pleasure in pursuits which appear entirely foreign to their usual habits and occupations. Thus we see the highest intellects delighting in trifles. Agesilans diverting his children and himself with riding on a stick, and Scipio picking up shells on the sea-shore. This seems to be the reason why our poets do not carry their poetry into life, and why such a discrepancy exists between their biography and their verses. Literary men are often addicted to amusements which have nothing intellectual about them. Their object is to let their minds lie fallow, as a member of the agricultural committee would express himself, and they delight to abandon themselves to pleasures in which there is no waste of thought.

☞ An acquaintance of ours says that, since he dismissed his handsome physician and employed a plain one, his wife and daughters havn't got sick half so often as they did before.

☞ A man in Charleston kissed a woman of ill-fame against her own will, and she punched out his eye with a fork. He squeezed a *lemon* and got a *punch*.

☞ There is a man in this city whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for that last pair of boots.

☞ "I can't see how you can sit and eat while your wife is so sick."

"Why, my dear fellow, it is not that I love my wife less, but that I love pancakes more."

Support your Home Paper.

Take your Home Paper.—In the recent election, we notice that those towns that patronize the *Citizen* freely, have done vastly the best for the Republican ticket. Something may be learned from this. A thorough party organization cannot be maintained and a full party vote cannot be drawn out where the local papers do not circulate freely. Eastern papers, like the New York *Tribune*, may do well for a Presidential contest, or for information upon national politics, but the local papers are what do the gleaning, and appeal directly to the interest and action of the masses. *Every Republican should make it a point to take his county paper first, and then if he has need of another, take it.—Jackson Citizen.*

The *Citizen* is right. The experience in Jackson county, is the experience of every county in the State. Wherever home Republican papers have been most thoroughly circulated, Republican success has become most complete—wherever the falsehood of locofoco charges against Republican Administration have been most completely met, there the Republican cause has done best, in all parts of the State. If Republicans would "keep posted" in regard to State affairs, and be fortified and prepared to meet the assaults of the opposition on State issues, they must give a better support to, and circulation of their local State journals. They may take eastern journals all their lives, and never be one whit better informed of the policy of, or history of passing events in their own party in Michigan than though they had never read a newspaper. The evidence and effect of the neglect of Republicans has been shamefully proven in the late contest. No sooner did the "Democracy" raise even a question on State Administration, than Republicans, in all parts of the State, were thrown into as great consternation and sent up as pitious a wail as a fox might be supposed to produce on suddenly jamping into the midst of a barn-yard full of poultry. Republicans were terribly frightened at the mere charges, the simple howling of the enemy. Notwithstanding we have written and published column upon column on the subject, and exposed locofoco falsehoods most completely and more fully from "Democratic" testimony, than any other journal, yet we have received hundreds of letters from Republicans, asking, "Are these things true?—is there anything in them?—send us some documents!—something to meet them!" And yet on examination, we have ascertained that scarcely one of all those thus frightened took a Detroit weekly paper, and hardly any of them their county paper. Many of them wrote, "We don't take any other paper than the New York *Tribune*, and don't know much about *Michigan politics!*"—*Shame on such Republicans!* How long could Republican administration be sustained, if the party, the rank and file, was made up of such Republicans? And yet it is a fact that in many a county in Michigan, where there is a Republican paper languishing for support—and which might be made able and efficient, if Republicans would give it their support—there are more New York *Tribunes* taken than is printed by the resident publisher. More than that: it is ascerted by some who claim to have investigated the subject, that there are more N. Y. Weekly *Tribunes* sent into Michigan than the whole number of weekly Republican papers printed in the State. This story *appears* ridiculous—but ridiculous and shameful as it sounds, we apprehend that an investigation will prove it an "over-true tale." If this practice is to be continued,—if the Republicans of Michigan continue to pursue such a suicidal policy—if, while zealous in support of the National principles of the Republican party, they are determined to ignore their own State party, remain ignorant of its policy and its administration, substitute New York politics and discuss questions which divide parties in that State, instead of becoming familiar with, and discussing questions pertaining to, and which divide parties in our own State — if Republicans of Michigan think and expect to maintain a respectable position for intelligence on home affairs, and especially if they would fortify themselves to meet and expose the charges and subterfuges of the enemy, and secure permanent and continued success to their principles and their party, they must change their far too common practice of supporting foreign papers, and of *abandoning* their County and State papers; they must turn over a new leaf, and must give to their home newspapers a wider circulation, a more generous support. Let every Republican take first, his own county paper; next, if he takes a second, let him take the *Detroit Weekly Tribune* or a better metropolitan State paper, if he can get it; and, after this, take as many others from abroad as he can afford. Let our Republican friends *begin now* the reform we suggest—let them pursue it, continue it, and our word for it, they will not only have better local and State papers, but they will never more be frightened or dismayed at anything the locofoco papers may say of Republican administration. We urge upon every one the importance of giving this subject proper consideration. — *Detroit Tribune.*

☞ A paper out West has for a motto, "Good will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news, fun, and—making money."